

John M. Lee

The CAMOSUN



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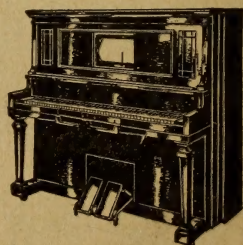
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The CAMOSUN

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St. Valentine's Day
February 14th, 1919

The Changeling Valentine

JOHN C. had experienced every known sensation but one. He had never been in love. Sad, but true. Yet he was not to be beaten, and with the indomitable pluck which had made him head salesman for the "Nubrum" Sweeping Compound Co., he set out to capture the final sensation. First he expected It to strike him like a cyclone, or the "flu," then he patiently waited for It to "get" him like creeping paralysis or chloroform, but at last the dire truth dawned on him: he would have to humbly seek It out for himself.

The day he chose for taking this irrevocable step was—for he was a consistent gentleman—February 14th. Armed with a plaid cap, Djer-Kiss perfume, and a Valentine, he set out to seek his sensation.

He met her in front of the Drug Store, and knew her by the "come hither" look in her eye. But, as he found to his entire discomfort, she was smiling over his shoulder, and the next moment strolled past him with a formidable looking Obstacle. Still, John C. was not to be thwarted, and, determined to present this Valentine to that Sensation, in spite of aforesaid Obstacle, if he were to die for it. Which fell deed he narrowly missed accomplishing at the very start, by disputing the right-of-way with a coal truck. But he didn't have time to die, for the Sensation was escaping, so "the villain still pursued her," in spite of the most officious traffic policeman, the most anxious insurance agent, and the most irate motorist.

He climbed fifteen hundred stairs (more or less), only to find that he had taken the wrong turning; but a bird's-eye view from the roof of the building re-discovered the elusive Sensation, and, still clutching his Valentine, he gave a fairly well executed imitation of the human fly, and reached the pavement safely, much to the disappointment of curious newsboys. He hurried on, once being nearly arrested on a kidnapping charge, since his forgetful hand, clutching for support, had caught the handle of a baby-carriage and he had forgotten to let go. A banana peel helped him across the street, but the curb stopped further progress for a time.

Finding that his eyes refused to play periscope and look around corners, he walked as near to the buildings as he could, reconnoitring. But an inconsiderate news-stand stepped right in front of him, and he awoke with one foot in a waste-paper basket, and a dozen copies of The Woman's Home Companion sheltering him from the stormy blast.

Only waiting to recover his Valentine, "Excelsior!" cried our hero, and limped on. Then a B. C. Electrical chariot appeared on the scene of action, and the fair Sensation was about to mount. Yet all was not lost. One last magnificent effort made at least six people feel the force of gravitation, made a horse laugh and a car late, and stretched John C. at the feet of the Sensation like a baseball player sliding for "home." Would he "funk" now? Never! He proffered his Valentine, and then—his eyes reflected the wonder of hers (in

stronger terms). For the changeling Valentine now read, "Nubrum Sweeping Compound is a purely vegetable composition. It—" Welcome, oblivion!

And a block away, in a desolate news-stand, a paper Cupid cried from sheer loneliness!

BERYL KEOWN.

My Valentine

I AM a middle-aged bachelor, the girth of whose equator is, to say the least, expansive. From constant use my head-covering has worn completely away, leaving my head as bare and shining as an egg, as one of my friends facetiously remarked the other day. Speaking of friends, I have had many in my day, but only one really truly "villain-in-a-melodrama" enemy, of whom more anon.

Some time ago, in the year 'umpty-ump, I came down to breakfast, to find my plate covered with gaily colored missives, ornamented with hearts, Cupids and paper-lacé. Thus was I reminded that the day was St. Valentine's, and that I had friends in this world thinking of me, though the rotundity of some of the Cupids was highly suggestive. One Valentine, in particular, took my fancy, and I was sentimentally regarding it, when my sensitive nostrils detected a faint perfume, suggestively Oriental, proceeding from it. I bent down, the better to catch the elusive odor, but the last thing I remember is a darting pain in my head, before I completely lost what few senses I possessed.

These aforementioned senses returned to me after a space of, say, three minutes, but I still felt decidedly queer. My head was receiving knocks from some unknown source every instant, and I seemed to be swaying slightly. I opened my eyes with an effort, but immediately became galvanized into activity, with the result that my head was knocked again. The sight I saw made me feel like falling through the floor, but I was more likely to ascend through the ceiling! The floor seemed miles beneath me, for I was floating near the ceiling, and the bumps my head had experienced came from contact with it. Horrors! What could have happened? There was I floating near my own ceiling, a thing which no respectable man would think of doing and apparently no way of getting down, for all efforts to do so only increased the knocks inflicted on my long-suffering head.

But, being by nature something of a philosopher, I made the best of my airy position, deciding that for once I was glad of my lack of brains, for how unfortunate if I had floated head downward! But now the pangs of hunger began to assail me, for I had taken no sustenance before looking over my little Valentines. Ha! the thought! It was just after smelling the perfumed Valentine that this unhappy loss of ballast took place!

As I have said, I have had only one enemy, whom I made by defeating one of his nefarious schemes. My thoughts instantly reverted to this man. At once I became convinced that it was to him

that I owed this sudden rise in position. My heart sank (though it did not weigh me down any), for of his devilish ingenuity I was well aware, and he had sworn to make me rue my interfering.

The "Department of the Interior," presenting an ultimatum that if not immediately reinforced it would strike for higher wages, this demand sharpened my wits. I perceived that if I wiggled around a little, I could catch hold of the door-post, and by means of it could haul myself down to the floor. From thence I cautiously made my way to the table, grasping convulsively at chairs by the way. How thankful I was that my furniture was of the heavy, substantial kind! Having arrived at the table, I proceeded to make a hearty meal, holding on with one hand meanwhile. Fortified by food, I turned my thoughts to the situation, black enough, even if viewed from the clouds. Was I to spend the rest of my life hovering round the ceiling or hanging on to my furniture with might and main? Even the stock of food in the room could not keep me for long, for I dared not leave, for what if a current of air should force me through some skylight! Away I would go to the moon, or to the inhospitable inhabitants of Mars. Bye and bye my arms grew tired, and I shifted my position, with the result that my clasp slipped, and I shot again to the ceiling. However, I managed to make myself fairly comfortable up there, at least till my arms were rested again.

I spent the day thus, relieving the monotony now and again by trips to the floor, which I sometimes left too soon, by gripping articles too light to sustain me. I observed that the Valentine had disappeared, blown through the crack in the window, by the rush of air caused by my gymnastics.

After, perhaps, three days of this life, I began to notice that I did not shoot upwards with the same velocity as formerly when I missed my grip, and that it was easier to come down again. In a few days I was able to keep to the floor by merely hooking my feet under some article of furniture. I was greatly delighted by this, deciding that if I could hold out against my hunger, I should soon be normal.

According to my prediction I recovered all but a few pounds of my weight in a short time, and no longer left the floor at all. I felt deeply overjoyed, but very weak, and took to my bed for a few days. On arising I went to visit my friends, and found that they all thought me absent on a trip planned for that day. So I decided to let that conviction remain, and have never repeated the strange events of that strange St. Valentine's Day. I afterwards learnt that my enemy's life had been ended that day by the action of some deadly poison that he was carrying on his person at the time. Where he got the perfume of my Valentine, I do not know, even to this day, and probably never shall.

FERN JAMES.

To our readers: If you can't laugh at the jokes of the age, then please laugh at the age of the jokes!



EDITORIAL

AS The Camosun makes a point of interviewing all well-known persons who are passing through the city, when we heard that a gentleman by the name of Valentine had arrived in Victoria, we immediately sent one of our most intelligent reporters to interview him. It might not be out of place to first give a few details of the Saint's life, and his connection with February 14th.

Formerly a Roman feast called the Lupercalia, which was held in honour of Pan and Juno, began about the middle of February. When Christianity came the people retained their old festivals and the priests, in order to make them seem less pagan, appointed to each festival a patron saint. As St. Valentine was martyred on February 14th, he was made the patron saint of the Lupercalia. On St. Valentine's day young men drew from a box the name of a saint whom they were supposed to imitate. In time they began to be tired of far-off saints, and substituted the names of young girls in Rome. The bearer of the name on the paper was the Valentine of the Roman who drew it.

We will now give the interview in the reporter's own words:

Interview With St. Valentine

On February 13th I was summoned to the editor's office by a ring of the bell, and informed that I was to interview St. Valentine. Knowing that further questioning was useless, I started out to find the saint without any idea of where he might be found.

However, bethinking me of a walk at the Gorge, peculiar to lovers, in the dim hours of the evening I wended my way to its cool shadows, and found my hopes realized—sitting on one of the rustic seats I found my Saint.

I was not quite sure how to approach him, for I did not know how ancient Romans regarded the modern reporter; but since I thought he would not dare to stain his saintly character by harsh language, I introduced myself as "the special correspondent from The Camosun, sent especially to interview you, sir!"

It transpired that he was but human, and it tickled his fancy to think himself worthy of a special interview. He seemed a rather garrulous old fellow, so I started in with a question to get the head

start, "What do you think of the practices of today, carried on under your name?"

Clearing his throat and fixing his eyes on a far-away tree, he began: "Ladies and gentlemen" (behold the mark of the true orator), "it may have occurred to you that I should be angered by the actions of the young people of today, on February 14th, which seem to you foolish. However, in my younger days, before the coming of the Apostles, I, too, loved, and though in later life I forsook the world, I still retain a fond memory of my youthful passion.

"So, when I see the modern girl peeling an apple before her mirror at midnight, that she may see her lover's face; or when she pins five bay leaves to her pillow that she may dream of him, I merely think that two thousand years ago my own Juliana may have done the same thing, while thinking of me.

"I wish to deny the report that has been so widely circulated that I died by being choked with a fish-bone. In my time the only fish known in Rome was the fillet variety. I never remember finding a single bone in my fish!"

Just then we saw a couple approaching, who looked annoyed at our presence, so the amiable Saint stepped down the road, taking me with him, while remarking, "Two's company * * * *" As I came to the car line, I found that I was alone, for he had vanished into the woods, and I returned to make my report.

* * * * *

We are all sorry to hear that Tait has left our school. During the past four months he has ably held the position of Business Manager on The Camosun staff. The school takes this opportunity to convey to him its gratitude for his valuable services, and wishes him every success in his new occupation.

The Fairy Dell

It was a wondrous sight, that little dell,
The brooklet tinkled like a fairy bell;
'Twas so soft and sweet it enchanted all,
From the grand old trees to the waterfall.
From beneath a log the streamlet came slow,
Then over some stones tumbled far below;
It was here that the sun shot through the green
And lit up the tumbling, rushing stream.
It glittered and sparkled like burnished gold,
As it had done in the days of old;
It then wound on, about many a stone,
With softest and greenest of moss o'ergrown.
Then tumbled onward right into the trees
That moved so slightly in the gentle breeze;
'Twas the sweetest picture I have seen—
The cool green woods and the tinkling stream.

—HELEN BENNET.



PORTIA SOCIETY

THE first meeting of the Portia since the re-opening at Christmas, was held on January 15th, in the library. There was a fairly good attendance, and all those present were deeply interested. There were three short speeches given by girls who had spoken before.

Miss Helen Starr spoke on "Fairy Tales," and her talk proved very interesting to all.

Miss Jessie Stewart spoke on "The Dogs and Horses at the Front," and revealed the heroism of dumb animals.

Miss Helen Bennett spoke with enthusiasm on the "Waacs," and the great work they have accomplished.

This meeting was unique in the history of the Portia, as Society pins were presented to the girls for the first time.

Miss Cann, with fitting remarks, presented pins to Helen Colpitts, Florence Challoner, Christine Ross, Elsie Wilby and Dorothy Walsh.

The second meeting of the Portia was held on January 22nd. The Prelims seemed very popular, for this was a record meeting, the library being filled to capacity.

Hazel Fowler was not able to speak on account of illness, but we look forward to hearing her in the near future.

Helen Malloy gave a very interesting speech on "The 'Hows' of Moving Pictures," which enlightened us as to the wonderful feats enacted behind the scenes. Miss Malloy has made a good start, and we hope she will prove an active member of the Society.

Kathleen Jackson next spoke on "The Orient," and her speech showed that she had made a very careful study of the subject. We look forward to hearing Miss Jackson in a debate.

Kathleen Ault was the next speaker, her subject being "General Foch." The enthusiasm with which Miss Ault spoke shows that she will be an asset to the Portia Society.

Dorothy Laing entertained us with an interesting description of the concerts and entertainments at the front, which helped to make "our soldiers" forget the war-zone for the time being.

If the rest of the Prelims would show as much enthusiastic interest in the Portia Society as these speakers did, we could make this a record year indeed.

Although the meeting of January 29th was not so well attended as the previous one, there were upwards of fifty girls present. The debate, which was argued by experienced speakers, was on the subject: "Resolved, that a classical education is more conducive to mental development than a scientific one." All the speakers had strong points and emphasized them well. Miss Ross and Miss Sargent took the affirmative; Miss Wilby and Miss Walsh, the negative. Although the judges, Miss Henry and Mr. Andrews, gave the negative the higher number of points, it was very difficult, as one of them remarked, for the defenders of the classic to have to do the proving, while the negative, that is, the scientific side, had to defend more than to prove.

Students' Agricultural Club of B. C.

The Students' Agricultural Club held its first meeting of the year in the Auditorium on January 31st. A very interesting illustrated lecture was delivered by Mr. H. E. Halwright. Five different varieties of pictures were thrown on the screen, dealing with: School gardening, cattle, horses, sheep and hogs. The lecture was very instructive, and was thoroughly enjoyed by those present.

For the benefit of the new students in the school this year, we are going to give a few words concerning the Agricultural Club.

The Agricultural Club was organized in 1917, the chief object being to stimulate interest in Agriculture. The original membership roll contained about thirty members, but has since increased to over fifty. The members are mostly those who are taking the Agricultural course in the school, but the club is open to any member of the school.

In order to create interest we have papers read dealing with some Agricultural subject. Discussion follows on the reading, and in this way a great deal is learned.

Sometimes illustrated lectures are delivered, these being nearly always full of interest. After the lecture a discussion may again take place.

Still more interesting are the visits to the Agricultural Fairs. Usually a visit is paid to Duncan and Saanich. The farm products are here reviewed and discussed. A visit is also made to the Poultry Show in Victoria. This, without doubt, creates unbounded interest. The "Made in Victoria Fair" is more popular than any, as an exhibit is prepared annually out of our school gardens.

These, however, are only some of the main activities of the club, and should they appeal to anyone in the school, immediate application should be made to any of the members of the Junior or Prelim Agricultural Classes for further information on the subject.



"By magic numbers and persuasive sound."

IN just such a manner were the students of the High School entertained by the Beta Delta on the occasion of its fourth meeting this term. This, being an open meeting, was held in the Auditorium. The first item on the programme was a pianoforte solo by Miss Grace Hall. It would be impossible to attempt to describe in stiff Anglo-Saxon prose—

"How her fingers went when they moved by note
Through measures fine, as she marched them o'er
The yielding plank of the ivory floor."

But we can at least record that the strains of music were very favorably received by the appreciative and enthusiastic audience. After an unsuccessful attempt to lure the young musician back to the instrument, the President then called upon Brown, who explained to us what ought to be done with the German navy. At the conclusion of his speech, a budding orator, dubious as to whether or not Brown could suitably dispose of the ships in question, proceeded to enlighten us further on the subject. When all was again quiet, the Auditorium was darkened, which act served two purposes. In the first place, the sudden change from light to darkness had the effect of awakening the portion of the audience which had fallen asleep, and in the second place, it made it possible for the excellent slides illustrating Boulton's speech on topics interesting to those interested in Kenilworth and European history, to be shown; for that was the next item on the programme, and it was enjoyed quite as much as one would enjoy seeing the picturization of "Caesar's Gallic Wars," or "A School Geometry, Parts I-IV." The excitement having died down, O'Brien appeared on the platform and discoursed on "Oratory," showing, in as many words as possible, how it was within the power of everybody to be an orator. In fact, he guaranteed that by repeating, again and again, the beginnings and the endings of all the famous speeches, anyone could create a voice strong enough to get him a position selling papers. During the course of his speech he happened to mention Mark Antony, and the words were hardly out of his mouth before the lights went out, the stage curtains parted, and there appeared before us the figure of a boy swathed in sheets. When he raised his right hand, carefully, so as not to spoil it all by losing one of his sheets, everyone expected to hear him say, "I am thy father's ghost," but he didn't. However, his identity was soon established, and a wave

of disappointment swept over the audience—a ghost wouldn't have been so bad, but Mark Antony—! But by this time the apparition had disappeared, and O'Brien was speaking again. It was not long, however, before he carelessly mentioned the name of Watterson—and, flick!—the lights went out, the curtains parted and Yeo appeared before us, reciting the final part of Watterson's memorable speech on "Abraham Lincoln." This time the audience was more confident, and felt justified in indulging in a little heartfelt applause. When, towards the end of his speech, O'Brien mentioned Theodore Roosevelt, we half expected to see the curtains part again, but they didn't, and he finished up his discourse without further interruption. This ended the afternoon's entertainment, the nerve-racked audience dispersed, and soon there was no sound in the Auditorium save the ticking of the electric clock. Then, and not till then, did the guilty conspirators who had planned the whole affair, creep from their hiding places, and slowly steal homewards.

Cadet Report

The enforced closing of the schools naturally affected the Cadet Corps, however, not as seriously as one might at first imagine. In view of the fact that we have few parades during the rainy months, and that the so-called "holidays" came in November and December, we lost few more parades than under ordinary circumstances. In all probability there will be no battalion parades for a month or so, until the weather becomes more settled. However, although there are no battalion parades, the work is not being neglected, as there is a parade and instruction of officers and non-commissioned officers every Friday afternoon in the gymnasium.

This year, as in former years, the Imperial Challenge Shield Competition will be held. This shield was first offered by Colonel Raymond W. Ffennell, of South Africa, nine or ten years ago, and with numerous other prizes is offered annually to the cadets of the Empire. Last year fifteen hundred teams were entered, and altogether sixteen thousand boys took part. Australian Cadets carried off the shield and most of the honors and prizes, but Canada managed to obtain five of these, while the Victoria High School came sixth in the Dominion with a score of 72 out of 100. Two teams of eight men each have been entered in this contest this year, and we expect each to carry off a trophy.

Also a team of ten men has been entered in the contest for the Championship of the Province, which will probably take place some time next month.

The Girls' Rifle Drill Class, which practices every Monday afternoon, is doing remarkably well, and the instructor, Lieut. Hutchinson, is at present very busy trying to find some competitors for them in the city. If he is unsuccessful in his search they will shoot against the boys, and will have to make only one-half of the boys' possible score in order to defeat them.



The Poet's Corner

Will you not look in your looking glass? No, not that deceptive reflector of Nature's mistakes, on your dressing table, but in the magical treasure house of the imagination, and find out whether or not a little of the scattered dust of starlight has reached your sordid soul?

Oh, that wonderful dustman!
Such a tremendously busy sweep,
Tossing the blacks on the rubbish heap,
Over the edge of the world.

Has any of his dust clung to you? Mayhap it be rusty; then let the Poets' Corner do your polishing, and satisfaction is guaranteed, be the dust genuine. Only remember that—

"A man's reach should exceed his grasp,
Or what's a heaven for?"

* * * * *

St. Valentine

The second month of our New Year,
Bleak February has come at last,
With rain and snow and frosty air,
And driving hail and tempest blast.
Yet in its midst there comes a day,
When Cupid, with his bow and darts,
Teaches each lad the proper way
To rouse the love in maiden hearts.
And if a lad this duty shirks,
Cupid will make him pay the fine;
Companionless, alone he lurks,
Who heedeth not St. Valentine. —D. J. CAMPBELL

An Open Letter to My Valentine

My eyes have never been the same,
Since my first glimpse of you, amour;
I can eat but three meals a day,
And sleep sixteen hours out of twenty-four;
I've worn my pinch-back suit to school,
Until but two buttons remain,
And after two gallons of brilliantine
My hair will never be the same.
My muscular movement is curtailed
By the pain in my left side;
Yet daily I follow you up three flights,
Alas! Where is my pride?
Each period I strive, like a knight of old,
To trip you on the stairs,
That I may help you up again,
Is nightly one of my prayers;
How can I conjugate Latin verbs?
How can I Shakespeare love?
Whilst thou, fair one, factorest $2 + X Y$
In the Mathematics Room above?
I send this letter all open, dear one,
To you, anonymously,
That you may accept, for his own true worth,
Your love-sick $X Y$ Zee.

* * * * *

The Meeting of the Lovers

There is not in the wide world a jitney so sweet,
As that Ford in whose bosom the sweet lovers meet;
Oh, the last ray of feeling and life must depart
'Ere the ride in that jitney shall fade from my heart.

It was not that Nature had shed o'er the scene
Her purest of crystal and brightest of green;
It was not the soft magic of streamlet or hill,
Oh, no! It was something more exquisite still.

'Twas that she, the beloved of my bosom, was near,
That made every dear scene of enchantment more dear,
And who knows how the best charms of Nature improve
When we see them reflected from looks that we love?

Sweet Ford of my father, how long could I rest
Behind thy windshield with the girl I love best;
Where the storms that we feel in this cold world should cease
And our hearts like thy noises be mingled in peace.

—(With apologies to Moore.)

Valentine

Vainly doth the daring Cupid
Aim sharp arrows at his heart,
Leave him then, you silly stupid,
Eve will on him try her art;
Now, though, he is discontented
Thinking of his empty hearth;
In his free time he has rented
Novel warmers for his feet—
Eve must also hit the trail.

* * * * *

Welcome Home!

Home at last they come from o'er the sea,
Our boys who fought for Freedom's cause and won;
Brave hearts! when Duty called each loyal son,
They went, nor knew they what their fate would be;
And now they're coming home; the end that we
Had prayed and waited for, has come at last:
War, trenches, bloodshed, now are of the past,
And Belgium, the oppressed, once more is free.

But there are many who will not return,
The ones who've paid the sacrifice supreme;
And many are the aching hearts that yearn,
Though hard they try to hide the teardrop's gleam;
But even Grief a cheerful smile must wear,
And welcome home our boys from "over there."

—Irene E. V. Murray.

* * * * *

"Tarzan of the Apes"

In years gone by, from native England's shore
Set sail Lord Greystoke and his fair young wife,
Nor deemed that from their past luxurious life
They were to be estranged forever more.
Where tawny Afric's savage jungles roar
The bloody mutineers denied their call;
Within a year their bones were mouldering all,
Their babe was reared by apes: in jungle lore
He quick excelled, and, grown to manhood tall,
Soon proved to them his strength, and steeped in gore
Their king. So by their laws he was of all
The lord; but now his young white mate, who wore
The Western garb, appeared, broke down the wall
That distanced them, of civil life the door.

—FERN JAMES.



ON account of the long enforced holidays, which have so recently ended, it has been decided, as many are already aware, not to hold the annual games of basketball and rugby with Vancouver for the possession of the Thompson Cup. There will be, as usual, however, the inter-class basketball games and other matches, while it is still possible to perceive a few yellow and black sweaters among the ranks of the local football clubs, showing that the exponents of the oval pigskin have not lost their grip.

Besides the aforementioned sports we have with us again, after an absence of five years, our old friend the Arena, and by the various attires to be seen there on Saturday mornings, we conclude that the popular game of ice hockey is again claiming the attention of various students of the V. H. S.

Boys' Basketball

The schedule of inter-class games for 1919 was as follows:

Teams—	Date
Matric C vs. Prelim F.....	Wed., Jan. 15
Prelim C vs. Junior D.....	Mon., Jan. 20
Senior Matric vs. Prelim G.....	Mon., Jan. 27
Prelim H vs. Prelim A.....	Wed., Jan. 29
Prelim D vs. Prelim B.....	Mon., Feb. 3
Junior A vs. Prelim I.....	Wed., Feb. 5

V. H. S. vs. Normal School

This exciting contest was played in our gymnasium on January 31st, and was won by the home team after a very close and hard-fought game. The V. H. S. were superior in their combination, but their shooting was not nearly so accurate as that of the Normal, and our opponents were therefore the first to score, amid the ear-splitting shrieks of the Normal School's feminine supporters.

At half time the score stood 11-7 in favor of our opponents, and things were looking very dark for the High School. During the next half, however, the V. H. S. boys pressed very hard and succeeded in gaining one more point than the Normal quintette before the final whistle blew with the score standing at 17-16.

The team consisted of: Millard, A. Lewis, Boyd, Webster, Bickle and Fatt.

It might be said in passing that Mr. Cook and Miliard have been making a fine showing on the local rugby teams.

The exponents of ice hockey in the V. H. S. should borrow the new yellow and black sweaters of the Victoria Aristocrats.

Jones and Upshall played a fine game of basketball for the Normal School.

Mr. Harry Smith, Mr. Cook and Mr. Cranston are not strangers to the ice hockey game.

Ice Hockey

At the Arena, on Saturday, February 8th, at 11 o'clock A. M., the Victoria High School Hockey Team met the Oak Bay High School Hockey Team in icy combat. This was the first game of the season, but, notwithstanding, the play was very good. Several fine rushes were made by both teams; but there was too much passing and not enough shooting. At times the play was a little rough, and several penalties were given by the referee.

The game was very even, but Victoria had a little the better of the play in the first half, and the Oak Bay defense was kept busy. The first goal was scored by Bickle for Victoria. At half time the score was 1 to 0 in favour of Victoria.

Soon after half time the Oak Bay team made a rush, and Cooper evened up the score. Not long after Oak Bay made another rush, and Goodacre scored, making the score 2 to 1 in favour of Oak Bay.

From then on the Victoria team worked hard, and a great part of the play was in the vicinity of the Oak Bay goal. After many attempts Bickle again scored, making the game a draw, two all.

Mr. Harry Smith refereed in a most acceptable manner, and Mr. Cook was official timekeeper. The teams were as follows:

Oak Bay—Goal, Woolaston; defense, R. Goodacre and Brynjolfson; forwards, Radford, Cooper, H. Goodacre and Adam.

Victoria—Goal, Forbes; defense, Sangster and Straith; forwards, Webster, C. Drennan, L. Bickle, J. Drennan.

Mr. Stubbs (taking a scientific journal from his pocket and addressing his wife)—“My dear, it says here, that while they were excavating an old Roman prison they found some petrified prisoners.”

Mrs. Stubbs (thoughtfully)—“I suppose that is what they call hardened criminals!”

Pat—I hear you got in bad.

Mike—Yes; I was drunk the other night and was sleeping in the gutter with a pig in me arms, when up comes Father O'Brien and says “A man is known by the company he keeps.”

Pat—Well, didn't you separate?

Mike—No, but the pig got up and walked away!

Life is one fool thing after another.

Yes, and love is two fool things after one another.



WHILST pursuing my monthly meandering through the columns of the Exchanges, my startled eye was arrested by the unwonted sight of a school song, in one of the aforementioned magazines. It was a splendid representation of High School spirit and loyalty, no doubt written by a student who was imbued with the very acme of school spirit.

Now, returning to the V. H. S., has anyone ever heard our school song? Has anyone ever heard it as sung by several hundred voices, helping to boost a football or basketball team to victory? Has anyone, ever, become aware of the cheerful notes of our school song, floating through the air, and instilling into every student's mind a more complete understanding of school spirit, and a realization of the grandeur of our school? I don't think such a phenomenon has occurred for a long, long time. I have no recollection of the time when, spurred on by the knowledge of the responsibility which a school has placed in them, and enthused by the notes of their school song, sung by an equally enthusiastic body of fellow-students, a team of ours has rushed on to a win.

Where is the school spirit in the V. H. S.? Whither has it disappeared? Where is the school song which should light and keep lit the smouldering embers of loyalty to their school, which should be in the heart of every boy and girl? Why is it so hard to scratch up one football team, instead of the two or three boasted by other schools? Why is it almost impossible to squeeze out of the several hundred students of this school a single line in support of this school paper? Come, 'tis shameful, 'tis monstrous that the pupils in attendance at this school should have to be shown the meaning of school spirit before they can realize it! 'Tis an awful thing that our students must see and hear the songs of other schools, before they understand the lack of the same in their own. What's the matter? Are you all so taken up with your lessons that you have no time for the exalting of your school; or are you so selfish that you take education and all the other privileges of High School life, without offering anything, not even your support and enthusiasm, in exchange?

This month our list is rather brief, but we nevertheless gratefully acknowledge the receipt of the following school publications: The "Shield," Haddonfield High, N. J.; The "Gleaner," Pawtucket High, R. I.; "Westport Crier," Kansas City, Mo.; "Totem," Lincoln High, Seattle, Wash.; "The Ubyssy," University of B. C., Vancouver; The "Forum," Manteno High, Illinois.

* * * * *

A Few Gems From Our Exchanges

There are meters Iambic,
And meters Trochaic,
And meters in musical tones;
But the meter that's neater,
Completer and sweeter,
Is to meet her by moonlight alone.

* * * * *

Little deeds of kindness,
To teachers now and then,
Help to raise one's standing
From a zero to a ten.

* * * * *

"B" Pearce (referring to bill)—"Well, I didn't have to pay the doctor?"

Sympathizer—"Why not?"

"B" Pearce—"Why, he treated me."

Rip Van Winkle

Mr. Rip Van Winkle was a truly rural man,
Mrs. Rip controlled him with a hard and heavy hand;
In spite of curtain lectures,
With the cruel, cutting tongue,
She couldn't get the smallest bit of farm work done.
Mr. Rip would take a trip, and with his neighbours stay,
Soliciting their sympathy;
He'd with their children play.
Work and Rip could not agree,
He wouldn't split a log;
There was one thing he really did—
He dearly loved his dog;
Quite a sportsman, too, was Rip,
With both his rod and gun,
But in packing these around, himself,
He couldn't see the fun.
The fact that Rip was lazy
Is conclusive by the book;
When he used to go a-fishing,
He wouldn't bait his hook.



SENIOR MATRIC

We suggest a cradle or at least a high chair for our class "Kewpie." However, we hope the March showers will cause the Rice to sprout up a few inches.

The most evident principle in the Geometry room is that of "non comprehendo."

Fraser specializes in removing mercury from rings. "Mercury was the messenger of the gods" (Mythical History).

The girls want to have a soda-water barrel installed in their Matric room, with a delivery tube to Room 18. Is this a hint to the boys?

By a recent election Doug Wallis was elected vice-president of the Senior Matriculation organization.

MATRIC A

The character of the class may be exemplified in the following:

Miss Challoner—"Our Mutual Friend."

Boulton—"The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come."

Dixon—"Three Times and Out" (of the back seat).

Miss Grossman—"The Little White Bird."

Hargraves—"The Amazing Interlude."

Miss Head—"Dere Mabel."

Jamieson—"Little Lord Fauntleroy."

Hincks—"Kidnapped."

Miss Lowe—"Innocence Abroad."

Miss Lorenz—"Wings of the Morning."

Kirkpatrick—"The Gentleman."

Miss Nakabayashi—"The Love of Azalia."

Miss Morgan—"The Lady of the Decoration."

O'Brien—"Olaf, the Glorious."

Hawkins—"Huckleberry Finn."

Simons—"Simon the Jester."

Miss Ross—"My Lady Caprice."

Miss Watson—"Eyes of the World."

Miss Sheepwashe—"The Unknown Quantity."

Miss Walsh—"As You Like It."

Class—"War and Peace."

MATRIC B

Oh, Keenan, be wise; take the advice of the old sages of this class, and do not trust to such an unreliable conveyance as that bicycle on which to reach the V. H. S. Then remember Geometry class is the time for forty winks, not the time to draw Valentines for Miss MacDonald!

Teacher—"Why did Caesar and his men rush down the hill?"

Miss Roff—"Because they had to hurry up."

Owing to recent casualties in the "Lab," we deem it unwise to enter those regions unless equipped with a gas mask, clad in armour, and provided with smelling-salts.

The reverie of Johns:

Latin periods, dull yet bright,
I love with all my heart;
They give me time to sleep awhile,
Then wake I with a start.

And when the school is empty quite,
I shall not pine in vain;
The page before me, black and white,
Puts me to sleep again.

We have every reason to believe that Walker was thinking more about his lunch than the French lesson, when he translated: "qui etait dans la chambre voisine?" as "who was in the kitchen?"

In Algebra, Fraser saw the danger signal and retreated, only to run into another snare. We are not surprised, Miss Butt, since you occupy a back seat.

MATRIC C

Jones—"The lazy, yawning drone."

C. Drennan—"When Irish eyes are smiling."

J. Drennan—"Am I my brother's keeper?"

Hart—"It takes years to acquire wisdom, and one minute to become a fool."

Naden—"The schoolboy with his satchel, and his shining morning face."

Keenan—"If you cannot win, make the one ahead of you break the record."

Higgs—"Never was such a sudden scholar made."

Webster—"There's one thing that never gets too fresh, and that's an egg."

Boyd—"There are lots of things to be seen at the sea shore besides the shore."

Mitchell—"A simple child that lightly draws its breath."

Woodley—"I am a part of all that I have met."

Grant—"I am grown peaceful as old age."

Hemingway—"Like a poet hidden in the light of thought."

Trowsdale—"Pack up your troubles in your old school-bag, and smile, smile, smile!"

Lewis—"Give me thy fist, thy forefoot to me give."

Whittington—"Some are born lucky—others are lucky to have been born at all."

Battrick—"Look before you leap—but leap."

Phyllis Jennings—"Where the good go, the evil follow."

Mavis King—"Those who only hope are hopeless."

Sophie McKinnon—"There's always hope for those who are dissatisfied."

Nora MacEachern—"There's a little bit of good in every bad little girl."

Aileen Revercombe—"And prove that she's not made of green cheese."

Isabelle Sangster—"Dire was the noise of conflict."

Nellie Thacker—"Nor shall my Nell keep lodgers."

Gladys Thorpe—"The bashful virgin sighed long looks of love."

Carolyn Tolmie—"Where perhaps some beauty lies."

Miss Wilson—"Like little body with a mighty heart."

Moore—"Better wait a minute at the crossing than forever in the cemetery."

Stewart—"The fellow who loses his head never seems to miss it."

MATRIC D

Scene I.—Time, earlier.

Yeo entertaining the world at large with a wiry, woolley spider.

Scene II.—Time, later.

Yeo (same) in a winding sheet outmarking Antony. Yea, verily, it is a versatile youth.

We humbly advise Miss C—— to play "vamp" in any period but Mathematics. The materialistic atmosphere of these periods robs the role of romance, even though the dreaded penalty adds a spice of danger.

Speaking of Mathematics, it has been reported by a student of Physiognomy that Birdie has mathematical hair. From the same source we hear that Finland's fourth fingers show temper, and Millard's manicure (or are they button-hole) scissors, show a suicidal tendency.

Miss Woodward speaks in code: "Um" is yes; "um-mm" is no; "uh" is pardon; "ugh" means surprise, and "g-r-r" Algebra. Guess what Miss Woodward said on January 24th, when, after tramping from eleven till six she came to a halt in a quagmire just in time to see that she could not see anything?

JUNIOR A

Some days ago Junior A gave a party for the benefit of the young Prelims. The guests all arrived on time, three minutes after the bell, and no one gave us the slip. Some of the class entertained the infants, and helped them play "ring around a rosy" and "here we come gathering nuts and may," till the feast was prepared. Then the guests were escorted to the table. Here it was discovered that high-chairs had not been provided, and since most of the books of the class had strayed, the infantile faces of the youngsters just peeped above the table. But though this was rather uncomfortable for them, it made matters easier for us, for they could not grab at the food. This was plain and simple, as befitted their tender years, but very appetizing, and the table was gaily decorated. Some Prelims did not last out the "banquet," but fell asleep with their heads in their plates, till their nurses came for them. Just as this happened the bell rang again, and instantly a supernatural silence and desolateness prevailed. Everyone had completely disappeared, and even the remains of the banquet appeared to exist only in imagination.

JUNIOR E

Attention is somewhat divided in Junior E just now. Here are three main points of attraction:

Of course, the teacher at the board is the main attraction, naturally? ? ? ? But somehow it is very hard to give undivided attention when you can never tell what missile of destruction may smite you on the back of the neck, propelled by a strong rubber band, skilfully used from the rear! Also in spare moments (when ammunition is running low at the back of the class—you can tell by listening for the manufacturing of bullets) you may sometimes notice eyes straying toward the halo of light which hangs about the neck of our wondrous Wady, and you may hear murmurs of "A new tie again," etc. However, Wady's efforts were all put in the background when Robson blossomed forth in the latest style. Doubtless he thought he would like to match Brown's tartan, and see if colour could draw attention to an otherwise insignificant mite—. But, sh—, sh—, don't get it angry, it takes a terrible revenge!

JUNIOR C

At 9:15 one morning a couple of weeks ago, when fifteen girls and one boy answered to the roll-call, the teacher appropriately asked: "Where are my wandering boys today (tonight)?" The answer might have been, "they have 'flu,'" but fortunately they have all flown safely back again.

Wanted—a substitute for Forbes; must be prepared to appear at Room 12 at least three days out of five a week (brains not necessary).

We beg to announce that the classes in High School manners for young ladies and gentlemen, which Miss Staneland has been conducting in Room 13 at 3:15 daily, have been broken off during the past week, but have resumed work again with Monroe as instructor.

We also wish to protest emphatically against the unwarranted violation of the dignity of some young ladies of the school, who, on a certain very moist Monday morning, were treated as common weekly washing, by being put out to dry during the first period. Although they entered into the close proximity of the radiators, it seems not to have had much effect, for, according to a reliable authority in our class, Miss Smith still had cold feet at the beginning of the second period.

Question: Did the coming Geometry lesson further aggravate her malady?

Who laugh until they choke?

Who love a joke?

Jun. C.

Who needs a crutch,

In Botany, so much?

Jun. C.

Who wish to know

Why Miss Skillings sighs so?

Jun. C.

Who need a guide

To keep close by their side?

Jun. C.

Who had the "flu"

With exception of two?

Jun. C.

And who might pass

To a high Matric class?

Jun. C.

COMM. B—Div. 12

Suggestions for some means of excitement are kindly solicited by Div. 12. Those who would tender them are requested to do so soon, as we are slowly sinking into oblivion (a sinking star?), for our members leave us, to try their fortunes speeding (?) in shorthand, and rattling a typewriter.

It is a curious fact that the boys of this class have not improved since Christmas. With this may be linked the fact that this was when Miss Vey entered our class.

G. Coe is our champion speller. At least he thinks he is, and always volunteers his services in this subject. The fact that he is "falling off" in Arithmetic might be remedied if he were to move his seat.

Although our teacher considers it a great advantage that there are no answers in our Arithmetic, we shall not suffer while Miss Guy survives the "flu."

The members of this class would, I am sure, be very grateful if some inventive genius thought out some way of removing chewing-gum from the mouth (when told to) other than by the fingers.

PRELIM A

Proposed: That "that boy Bothwell" shorten his strolls through the corridors, so as to arrive in the classroom a short time ahead instead of after.

Has Shaw got a key to the locks of his golden hair?

PRELIM C

We regret to announce that one of our fellow pupils had a striking argument with a dog on St. Charles Street hill, and came out second best. His cheery smile is greatly missed during study period.

In the future we must request our sergeant-at-arms, Mr. Huddleston, to eject any member or members of this class seen originating or organizing any kind of a competition. A great deal of our much-needed study was lost during our last entertainment in this respect, on Friday. We beg to suggest, also, that our honourable sergeant-at-arms should abolish all class committees, which have become quite a nuisance lately.

We, with all respect, submit the following problems to our Arithmetic teacher, for our homework, as up to the present he has been unable to supply us with questions as difficult as he would wish them:

If one cypress log makes approximately 2,100 shingles, which are done up in bunches of 250, costing \$1.00 a bunch, how long would it take a cross-eyed grasshopper, with a cork leg, to kick all the seeds out of a dill pickle?

If silk is priced at \$1.76 per yard, how much time would a three-legged beetle require to wade through a keg of molasses?

* * * * *

"When it's **got** to be,"—like I always say,
As I notice the years whiz past,
And know each day is a yesterday,
When we size it up, at last—
Same as I said when my boyhood went
And I knowed we had to quit—
"It's **got** to be, and it's **goin'** to be!"
So I said "Goodbye" to it.

—Whitcomb Riley

PRELIM I

On the eve of January 25th an entertainment was held by the phantoms of Prelim I. The time set was 11 P. M., and the place Room 23, V. H. S. About 10:45 P. M. a few phantoms had already appeared in their stately robes. With a "full house" present at the arranged time, the meeting proceeded to elect a chairman.

By unanimous consent Brother A. E. Hall was elected worshipful chairman of the meeting. With that dignified atmosphere which always prevails around him, he proceeded to the chair. In a short

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speech, and with unbounded eloquence, he thanked the meeting for the honour, etc.

The worshipful chairman called for the first number. Thereupon Brother Catteral (sometimes called Scatterall) proceeded to give a recitation entitled "All Is Peaches Down in the Agriculture Room." The peculiar audience showed its approval frequently by the various members rustling their gowns and shuffling about.

The next number on the programme was a duet by Brother Mawson (bass) and Sister Margetts (tenor, "Why I Wooed Catteral's Seat." The harmony was beautiful and the noise Brother Mawson made was highly commendable, considering his size.

The next part of the programme was a recitation by Sister Larson called "Smiles." She displayed her feelings in a most pleasing manner. The happy nature of Sister Larson also added much pleasure to the peculiar audience.

Following the last item was an address by Brother Denholmé. His subject was "What's the Matter With Prelim I in the Geometry Periods?" This lecture afforded much amusement to some. Others quietly paced the rear of the awesome chamber, no doubt with the hopes of benefiting their geometrical knowledge.

The evening was fittingly closed when the worshipful chairman appealed to the meeting to sing together the song, "May the Teachers of the V. H. S. Bless Prelim I."

The meeting adjourned as the hour of 12 P. M. was slowly tolled out, the members dispersing into thin air.

The Boys in Prelim H

Moore, our basketball captain—Stan is a good player.

Carter, our electrician, drawing sketches all day, he never knows the question asked him.

Tolmie believes in unpreparedness.

Watson, what thou art, we know not.

Lore, our Oriental, always sitting on pins in the drawing room.

Stewart, our youngest.

McGregor never gets puzzled in the Latin room.

Hughes wants to moderate his voice when he speaks.

Shenk—"Oh, Sweet William!"

Mercer must stop shooting paper around the room.

Wright, with his pompadour so bright.

Rendle comes to school with his puzzles.

Saul, our ancient king, jumps at conclusions. If he does not like the back seat in Room 20, he need not smash it.

Question—What happened in the gym. on Wednesday, January 29th?

Answer—Horrible defeat of Prelim A by Prelim H, in basketball. Score, 38-4.

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How It Looked to Him

A teacher was trying to impress her pupils with the rising inflection in reading. She wrote this sentence: "Where are you going?" on the board, and asked Tommy to read it. Tommy read, "Where are you going"—no inflection. She had him do it again. There was no change. "Now, Tommy," she said, "look carefully at that sentence and see if you don't notice some difference between it and others we've had. Be sharp now, and read it again." Tommy wriggled back and forth in an effort to be "sharp;" and then the light of knowledge shone forth from his eyes, and he read, "Where are you going, little button-hook?"

New Versions of Old Proverbs

1. Prevention is better than cure—glance at your homework.
2. All are not wise that study.
3. A pencil sharpener gathers no dust—sometimes.
4. Study and grow thin.
5. One sniff of H_2S makes the whole class kin.
6. A little wisdom is a handy thing.
7. Where there's a goal there's a goalkeeper.
8. He eats best who eats last—we envy Prelims their appetites.
9. Faint heart never won a game.

A Queer Telephone Mixup

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"Yes."

"Who are you, please?"

"Watt."

"What is your name?"

"Watt's my name."

"Yes; what is your name?"

"I say my name is Watt."

"Oh, well, I'm coming round to see you tonight."

"All right. Are you Jones?"

"No, I'm Knott."

"Who are you then, please?"

"I'm Knott."

"Well, will you tell me your name, please?"

"I'm Will Knott."

"Why won't you?"

"I say my name is William Knott."

"Oh, I beg your pardon!"

"Then will you be in when I call tonight, Watt?"

"Certainly, Knott."

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Beginners will be pleased to hear that "Skating Simplified" is now to be obtained at all leading news-stands. This invaluable volume (13 5-6c) you cannot afford to be without. Put it in your inside pocket (someone might consider their need greater than thine) and, for example, supposing you fall, looking in the index you see "To fall"—to come in violent conflict with the ice, to woo oblivion, to create a diversion. Prevention: keep away from the Arena or bring crutches. Cure: raising yourself on your elbow three inches from the ice, turn at right angles, and grasp the right foot of the person nearest you with your left hand. Then entwine your feet affectionately around the skates of the person in front of you. Result: There are now three persons on the ice. Three obstruct traffic where one makes—"no, never mind." Hence you will be helped up.

If you want to take a girl to the rink, put her on a crowded car, and generously wait for the next one yourself. By the time you arrive she will have gone in, hence you save fifty cents. It is considered wise to take her home, though, or she mightn't care to go with you again.

If your partner is nervous, tell her of all the ice casualties you have witnessed. This gives her greater confidence.

If a girl forgets your hand, say sweetly, "It does not matter at all, I don't care." Thereby you put her at her ease.

If you let your partner fall, don't stop, but call for her on the way back. She'll be more reasonable.

Don't ask a girl to skate with you the first time you are on the ice. You may lose a friend.

If you are shaky on your first trip, bring a rope next time; and if you lose your balance, lasso the best skater in sight, and hang on.

If you desire to attract some one's attention, stand to one side, and thrust your foot out in front of them every time they pass. You will soon be gratified to notice how anxiously they watch for you.

Lastly, dart coquettishly out at unexpected angles, and cut corners as often as possible. This will endear you to all who attend the Arena.

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